A Paper shewing who are the true Spouse of Christ, and who are not.

The true Spouse of Christ is his true Church which is in God our Father, 1 Thes. 1. 1. which hears his voice, feels his power, and is made one with him, that is light & brave him unto her, even in her bosome, & brings forth increase by vertue of his power in life that is in her, who is not of the world as he is not of the world but is hated by the world, as now under the reproachful name of Quakers, & the like.

The Whore is not truely espoused to Christ, nor one with him, but is the false Church which is not in God who is a spirit, but is in & of the world which is opposite to the spiritual and spiritual worship, which hears not the voice of Christ (but onely the letter or meer reading in a book which such as are not Christs sheep may hear read and know) neither doth she feel his power, but denies them that do, or that any do, neither is she made one with him that is the light, nor have him so neer unto her as within the hope of Glory, Col. 1. 27. but only as far as above the skies, or at Jerusalem, and so far from increasing in the increases of God, Col. 2. 19. or in the fruit of the spirit, or to increase her number by vertue thereof; but onely by an outward power, law, learning, or letter that killeth 2 Cor. 3. 6. which harlot or false Church is of the world, and not of Christ, and hath the worlds love, being truely named Mystery Babylon, the Mother of harlots, Out of which God hath redeemed us, Rev. 18. 4.

Now this false Church and painted harlot, having not God's power in her to uphold her, is upheld by mans power, and is always subject to the changeablenesse thereof, which Church or harlot is to fall with great violence, Rev. 18. 21.

Then now will I leave it to understanding men to judge, whether ever there were greater violence in this confused mother of harlots then now is? with what violence are some of her late chiefest pillars now going down, that upheld her? & together with what violence are others setting up, which violence causeth the people to uphold them, and so to cry them down, and what violence is used in her between her Priests & teachers themselves one against another, and all compassing the holy City about, which God dwelleth (who promised and doth dwell in his people) as though they would devour (us) all at once; but whether our help be of our selves or from heaven, read Rev. 20. 9. and so let all judge whether violence be not here.

And again at Babylons fall the Saints rejoyce, according as it is said rejoyce over (not bowing under) her my people, Rev. 18. 20.

And seeing Gods servants do begin to rejoyce and shout for joy (though few can hear it) and make melody in their hearts to the Lord, notwithstanding they are with violence persecuted, reviled, all manner of evil spoken against them, and cast out of Synagogues, threatned to be cursed out of their Churches (because they cannot [illegible] and brought before Rulers for his names sake, who said I am the light

Rom. 15. 8. which turns to us for a testimony, *Luke* 21. 13.

Now men may mind the words of Christ, when the signs begin to come to p
then thereby to know what is neer, *Luke* 21. 30. 31.

And now being it is so, that Babel *is to fall with great* violence, *and that the s*
vants and Prophets of God are then to rejoyce.

And seeing also that they who are come out of her do begin to rejoyce *over her.*

Let it now be considered what is to follow, or what God will bring to passe, or wh
neer at hand, and whether the destruction be not neer when they cry peace, all t
are safe, or whether the dreadful coming of Christ be not at the midst of the d
night, like a theif upon all the ungodly workers of darknesse, over whom the Sain
joyce

My heart is filled with the power of G

144 Lines of secret inward melody, not written to lift up any from that which gives it.

MY heart shall sing of thee
who dost my soul defend,
whose life hath saved me,
who didst my wayes amend.
Whose strength hath me upheld
whose love is in me still,
Whose grace doth vertue yield,
Who hast taught me thy will.
Oh blessed be thy name,
Who hast my life redeemed
That I may sound the same
which them that once were grieved.
Oh let me now rejoyce
And praise the Lord my strength
who long hath been my choice,
And drawn my dayes in length.
Oh that I could declare,
Unto the sons of men,
His gifts and riches rare
which he hath yet for them.
Oh that my heart could dite
The goodnesse of his love,
Or that my pen could write
His mercies yet above.
Oh that I might expresse
With heart, with tongue or pen
His sweet delightfulnesse
Oh that I could unfold
Or in meeknesse declare
His strength which maketh bold.
And keepeth from the snare.
Behold his Throne is love
His seat is mercy pure
Descending from above
Is he both day and houre.
Behold his glory shines
Unto his jewels rare
He visits them betimes
When they in darknesse are.
Behold his heart is bent
Towards his little ones
His love their hearts doth rent
And in his vertue comes.
Behold he draweth neer
To all the poor and weake,
And he to them is deer
Who will them not forsake.
Behold he doth arise
In might vertue and power,
To bring in his lost prise
Into his refuge Tower.
The weak he doth defend
The poor he still upholds,
For needy he contend

lambs he still doth lead
le ewes he teach
hungry have his bread
thirsty he refresh.
makes the feeble strong
the barren bear
the blind along,
the light most clear.
cometh as a dew,
heat of Summer time
his plants below
forth their fruit may shine.
feedeth every babe
seeketh every lost,
love doth never fade
he he spares no cost.
life virtue and strength
wisdome and his power,
grants to his at length
they of him are sure.
never doth forsake
dear and lisle flock,
of that bread partake
hee hidden in the rock.
heavens and the earth
with himself doth fill
dwelleth in our hearts
doth revvale his will.
maketh known his way
all his flock shall goe,
them in light array
withstand the foe.
helps in time of need
leaves me in distress,
hath effect the deed
mans deliverance.
stooseth down to hell
power is so great
hath the living kill
cannot defeat.

He raiseth from the grave
And makes the dead alive
From him there's none can save
Nor from his presence hide.
Hee's alwaies neer at hand
From trouble to deliver,
Hee's joynd with his in band
To live with them for ever.
No God is like to him,
No honour like to his,
No man is said to win
Whose soul is lost from blisse.
O prayse him all ye Saints
Who feels his vertue neer,
Unto him still give thanks
Who is our Father deer.
Let wicked men lament
Let all ungodly haul,
Too late shall some repent
When down his judgements roule.
When Babels turnd in lake
When beast is thither thrown,
When drunkards reele and shake
When wrath is powred down.
When vengeance much with might
Is powred on the Whore
And all secret deceit
Destroyd for evermore.
Then Sion shall be glad
Then God shall honored be,
Then prayses shall be had
Then worship shall be free.
Then comfort shall abound
In all true mourning lambs,
And Gospel free shall sound
Throughout all nation Lands.
The time hereof is at hand
The Captives shall be free
Gods seed in every land
By him shall gathered be.

A

Let friends rejoyce in fear
Let fear in love abound,
Let Thousands more draw neer
For we the pearl have found,
Let all in patience dwell
And in the Lord still trust;
That we in love excel
In which with you I rest.

As I was walking alone in my close Prison at Winchester, *upon the 24th day of 5th. month 63. in much quietnesse and inward refreshings by the rising vertue of refreshing love; these lines began to run gently through me, with melody in my heart to the Lord, and when I was free in my self to begin to write, it departed not from me, but came so easie and so fast as I could well right, whereby in a very little part of the foresaid day this was begun and finished with my own hand; yet would not I have looked upon to be a great thing, nor a pattern nor example for others to run into the like, for since I came into the life and obedience of truth, I durst not write any thing in verse until this time.*

Humphery Smith.

The 30th. of the 4th. month, 62.

AS in a vision the Sheep that I saw, they lodged on the side of a Mountain as high as Heaven, and they lay one by another, and one upon another, yet not in the least offensive one to another, but lay as quiet and as loveing as if they had been asleep, sleeping one by and upon another, yet were perfectly awake: And though the whole world roaled from under them, whereby they were like to fall, and no visible ground or thing was seen to receive them or to fall upon (which was in such a manner that I cannot well expresse it) yet were they not afraid thereat but lay as quiet in them as before, being upheld by an invisible power; and they that were tumbling down were falling, had not the least harme; but their removeal was to them as it is to a child to be removed in the Nurses Armes, out of one place to another, (more close expresse) or though some of them seemed to be a little removed, or to fall, when the whole world roaled from under them (which was but to try them) yet they but so were not in the least harmed thereby but were very well supported, & in a little were recovered, and climbed up the most steepest mount of the whole world that was before them; and as for themselves they were more large, fair, and comely then was natural eyes beheld, and their wool was all over them as perfect shining gold.

After I had written this little thing, and had also found that it was so with the very time that the Rulers of the Earth in London *began to deprive friends of worldly helps and things which seemed thereby to be wholly cutting from them, I did I send one copy of it to a friend in that City to see, who informing me that friends desired to see it, whereupon I thus open it more plainly.*

The world with the outward visible world, with all things that are upon it, or pertaining to it; the rolling away of it was so that nothing thereof was left them as that to lay hold on, or to stay themselves upon. As for the sheep Christ termed his own children and members of, and as for their wooll they had abundance thereof upon them, yet no more then comely or rather glorious, and it was as a thing to be worn with them, not to be taken from them, neither was it in the least defiled, which